

IN THE HEART OF CUBA

SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.

Why Annexation to the United States Is Not More Favored—Commercial and Race Interests Involved.

Special Correspondence Indianapolis Journal.

ESPERANZA, Cuba, May 27.—Crossing the island from Sagua la Grande to Cienfuegos, by the exceedingly jerky train that runs almost due south from port to port, may be recommended as a sovereign dyspepsia cure, akin to horseback riding. Though the pleasure of the journey is marred by the fact of being in a train that is hat and grasping the sides of the seat, while nodding like a toy mandarin to one's view and threatening to pitch bodily into him—the scenery, as the traveler gets glimpses of it between these acrobatic performances, is beautiful enough to fill him with "the joy of living." He sees long stretches of cane, yellow as burnished gold, with the sun shining on it; tobacco fields, with their towering palms, and the rank and file of fields of Indian corn standing like armies ready to march. Vast, empty meadows, inclosed within low walls of piled-up stones that remind him of New England, are covered with coarse grass upon which cattle ought to be feeding; they are interspersed with poorly fenced, or wholly unfenced sections, where bright and red soil, and the weeds attest their wonderful fertility. At rare intervals stretches of tropical jungle are passed, apparently as unclaimed as when the first Spaniard set foot on the island. The lark spurs up his interminable arias to the summer sky; the notes of quail and plover, "Phoebe" and totem are wafted on the soft, warm breeze, and beyond all the distant hills glimmer like a dream of the Delectable Mountains. Palm trees, characteristic of every Cuban landscape, are omnipresent—sweeping away in curved lines along the course of streams, standing in splendid groves, or ranged in double rows of smooth, gray columns, whose majesty gives one the feeling of walking in a moonlight cathedral. Undoubtedly the most beautiful thing in nature is a tall and stately palm, standing alone against a background of fleecy clouds in a turquoise sky. Its plumed crest, tossed by every vagrant breeze, casts no shade—or at best, but a tiny patch off in the field. The stories of travelers in tropical lands sitting under the cooling shadow of palms are as absurd as those other legends—told of wayfarers reaching up and plucking coconuts with which to slake their burning thirst—a feat they might, perhaps, accomplish if possessed of arms twenty to thirty yards long.

A LAND OF IDLERS.

As one progresses farther and farther into the heart of Cuba the nineteenth century, with all its strife and turmoil, falls behind and is forgotten. Each street-vended village encountered on route—and they are very numerous—seems given over to perpetual sleep. The railway stations are not thronged with the idle and curious, as in other rural parts, but the people sit in their doors, dreamily watching the train from afar, too lazy for active curiosity. Occasionally a more enterprising citizen, black as the hackneyed ape of Spain, with the least benevolent profile of Ramezes II, saunters through the cars, offering some trifle for sale; and ragged children extend their hands for alms and laughingly greet the traveler with the English phrases they have picked up, such as "Gim me a penny," "All right," "Good-bye," "At one station a small girl, patched here and aft, but with the face of an angel, lifted timid eyes in response to an salutation and murmured "God dam," without an idea of the meaning of the word she had heard the Yankee soldiers use.

Each thatched village has some distinguishing peculiarity. At one is made the famous *jalea de guayaba* (guava jelly), which has a sale throughout all Spanish America. It is put up in narrow wooden boxes, can be kept indefinitely, and is as appetizing as helpful. In the hotel of Havana it is invariably served with cheese as a dinner dessert. Another town is distinguished by a great wooden crucifix, erected on the public square, with arms opened wide to a sinful world. At Esperanza, "City of Hope," a tall birdhouse, close by the church, extends a hospitable invitation to all the civilized birds of the air. It shows the kindly and poetic nature of the people, so poor that ten dollars could hardly be raised among them to save a human life, yet caring for the feathered tribes less irresponsible than themselves. In several towns the public well appears to be the social center. On an elevated platform, roofed and tiled, but with sides open to the air, is a great iron tub, into which everybody turns for him or herself. Oh, for the benefit of a *Olson* or a *Cruikshank*! Women come strolling across the fields bringing to the well kerosene cans converted into buckets, and boys carry poles on their shoulders, to which are slung cans, jars, demijohns, any old thing that will hold water except a regular pail. Groups of bareheaded girls come to the well, and their lovely faces are turned to the wheel, and bedraggled men sit on the steps exchanging neighborly gossip, their saddle-colored bodies, naked as Correggio's Saint John, rolling about in the weeds. Sleepy and unimportant as these interior villages seem, they are the real Cuba after all, and in them the public pulse may be more correctly told than in cosmopolitan Havana, where the excitement of the world and the wisdom of disguising their sentiments.

OPPOSE ANNEXATION.

By the way, if anybody at home is of the opinion that the Cuban nation will ever welcome annexation to the United States, may as well disabuse himself of the erroneous idea. Aside from patriotic nonsense concerning the "cannery" war, and the "black and dead," there are several reasons why a permanent alliance with Uncle Sam would be about the last thing the average islander would desire. Most bitterly and universally opposed to it are the two distinct and widely different elements, which together compose more than two-thirds of Cuba's population: the Spaniards and the colored people. With the former opposition to American authority rests upon a purely business basis, fearing competition with the richer and more energetic race. While a few of the larger financial interests may favor an alliance, the commercial classes in general are strongly in favor of independence. The Spaniards, for example—a very numerous class who own the small provision stores which are located on every corner of every block in every Cuban city, dominating all the retail trade and forming a more powerful factor in politics than the saloon keepers of the United States—opposed to annexation to a man. As a rule, too, the Spaniards own the drug stores, the cafes and the inns, or *posadas*, as they are called, throughout the island. In the poorest little straw-thatched village one is always sure of a tolerable meal—rather red-peppery and garlicky, perhaps, but clean and well served in contrast with the Spanish *cafe*, the English *ale* or Apollinaris water. These poor looking *posadas*, where maybe the mules and horses are stalled in what would be the "parlor" in a country tavern of the North, while the traveler sleeps above, are really much better than the average "hotel" in villages of the same size in America. The Spanish *bonifacio* cares little for the honor of his profession or the comfort of his customers, but he has learned that there is profit in keeping a good inn. While the *bodegueros* were fierce in their hatred of the Cubans and clamored loudly for an-

nezation, but since they have seen the methods of the Americans, their abundant capital and steady persistence in business, self-interest has caused them to sing another tune. Now they have raised their store fronts the Cuban colors and flaunt the Cuban flag, in order to keep the Cuban trade and accentuate their hostility to American military occupation. The order of General Brooke, forbidding the *bodegueros* and cafe owners to sell any alcoholic liquors to American soldiers, added fuel to the flames of hatred. From time out of mind they have turned many honest pennies by selling drinks to Spanish soldiers, and now that those good customers were gone, why not to the usurpers? When a few of the *bodegas* and *posadas* were closed and their owners heavily fined for breaking the law, they became intense in their hostility to American control, and the climate was capped when the finest cafe in Havana was shut up without legal process, because one of its waiters sold a gin fizz to a drunken drum major. It was no use to plead that the ignorant employe mistook the drum major for a major general; the proprietor had no recourse until the military authorities, having made sure of the ample of him, permitted the place to reopen.

SPANIARD VS. CUBAN.

In spite of his ignorance and avarice, the Spanish property owner in Cuba, being thrifty, hard working, honest in his way and fond of the water, has in his mind more of the elements of good citizenship than the average Cuban. He came from Catalonia, Asturia or the Basque provinces, or his father did—usually with no capital but strength and industry. He began a chore boy or farm hand to some *bodeguero* or planter, who had been a few years ahead of him in Cuba, willing to work from dawn to dusk for the inevitable end was attained of a shop, or land, or inn of his own. The Spanish word *bodego* means wine cellar, but here it stands for any sort of general supply place, where everything eatable and drinkable is sold, from jerked beef to claret. In all cases the Spaniard's dignity has kept pace with the advance in his fortunes, from chore boy to merchant, landed proprietor, and though he may not be able to distinguish the price mark on his own goods and signs his name with an X, he rides in his carriage at the head of island aristocracy. It is an actual fact that many of them have no system of keeping accounts but by chalk marks on the door. Where the merchant is unable to read, write or "cipher," all business requiring those accomplishments must be entrusted to hired clerks. But the Spaniard, having plenty of native shrewdness, rarely "gets left," as they say in America. You may be certain that he has a good margin of profit on all transactions, and though giving credit he invariably collects the interest on his mortgages, while waiting for the default in principal which will insure the whole thing falling to him in the end. Checks and drafts are rarely used, though many of the mercantile and shipping firms do a banking business as well. Shylocks by nature, their standard of commercial integrity is so high that every man's word is as good as his bond and verbal contracts usually serve for written ones. Former Consul General Williams says that when he was a merchant in Havana it frequently happened that transactions involving many thousands of dollars, with complicated provisions that might easily lead to dispute, were carried on without a scrap of writing, and were always promptly settled.

The patriarchal way in which the Spanish merchant treats his employees has been a source of much curiosity and amusement to the Cubans. It is curious and smacks of medieval Spain. Going into any shop or store between the hours of 9 a. m. and noon, you may see a table spread for breakfast in some dingy back corner, among the boxes or barrels, meals or "groceries," with a small loaf of bread at each plate and the inevitable bottle of claret in the middle. In all cases the clerks and employees are treated as equals, and the family, eating at the same table and sleeping somewhere in the place of business. Many of the larger mercantile establishments of Havana have special dormitories for their workmen. It is an economical arrangement on both sides, for, though the wages are smaller, the clerk can save more who has no outside expense than the business man who has to which all are striving—business of his own.

THE NEGRO ELEMENT.

The best of feeling always prevails between employer and employed, though the hours are long and the work hard, and both master and man are polite to servility to customers. But for shrewd bargaining they beat the Yankees all hollow. With the exception of the colored people, who are very many, the Spaniards are not much different in price, and then put off the trade to manana, hoping the prospective buyer will return another day and yield the extra penny of two of profit which they think may be gained by holding out. The Spanish property owners have about as much idea of self-government in Cuba as the natives of the United States. Believing implicitly in the monarchical institutions to which he was born, and having never had any hand in colonial affairs, he is densely ignorant of all the tenets of republicanism, and will need to be educated up to the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

As to the colored opponents of annexation to the United States—they are found in all ranks, social, political and military. The color line was never drawn in Cuba until the advent of Americans, for the simple reason that a tincture of African blood filters, in greater or less degree, through all classes, high and low, the kinky hair, reddish eye balls and peculiar tint of finger tips are the distinguishing marks of the Ham, cropping out in the most aristocratic families. Between the whites and real blacks exact social equality has not existed, but social toleration, in its widest extent, has always prevailed. As everybody knows, the insurgent army was largely made up of negroes. The black officers, having borne the heat and burden of the day, naturally look for recognition in the future government of the island they have helped to liberate. And just as naturally, when "pa" is high in politics, his thick-lipped wife and daughters will expect to consort, as equals, with his political associates, though they be of the loftiest "F. F. V.'s." You may imagine how these people, who comprise nearly two-thirds of Cuba's population, have relished the talk of American adventures of the brass band type who have flocked to the luckless island and asserted that "The nigger will find his place when Cuba belongs to the United States." Reading of the lynchings and roastings at the stake of his race in our own South he is by no means anxious to find such a place, and with right annexation with all the force that is in him.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

In June, a fair World Beautiful one sees: The elements in love-love unite, And earth abounds in music, mirth, and light; Glad song-floods surge and swell through swaying trees. The moonlight-cast incense on the breeze, And lavish Nature seems almost too bright. We tremble lest this loveliness take flight, So oft your sparkling cup has bitter led; But June's most magic hour is last deferred—When through Night's portals glides the regal moon. The moonlight-cast incense on the breeze, And lavish Nature seems almost too bright. We tremble lest this loveliness take flight, So oft your sparkling cup has bitter led; But June's most magic hour is last deferred—When through Night's portals glides the regal moon. Blend with the drowsy cricket's slumb'rous rum; Oh, then, indeed, our full hearts are stirred By all the mingled pain and joy of June. Marion, Ind. —Ethel Bowman.

Died Happy.
First Street Wait—He died from eating too much Spanish food, and was buried in the Spanish cemetery. Second Street Wait (taking a last look)—No wonder she smiles.

SKETCH OF FELIX MORRIS

INTERESTING STORY OF THIS FAVORITE ACTOR'S EARLY LIFE.

He Passed Through Many Vicissitudes Before Success Came—Wanted to Be a Tragedian—His Home Life.

To every-day folk there is an undeniable glamour about the stage. A mimic world exists behind the footlights and a mimic life goes on there—comedy and tragedy, social trivialities and tremendous dramatic events—the saddest and the noblest of ordinary lifetimes compressed into a few brief hours. Those who do their part in this epitome of human existence are peculiarly interesting and it is hard to think of them as possessing an individuality apart from that world of romance in which they dwell. It is difficult to imagine them coming and going, talking and acting, and being human beings as we are, with all their difficulties and pleasures, just as other people are affected. And yet, it often happens that the man himself is as great as his art, and the woman, set apart by great gifts, does not disappoint upon closer acquaintance. All who are so fortunate as to know him will agree that this is essentially true of Felix Morris. Personally, it is doubtful if there is upon the stage today a man who has so many admiring and loyal friends, and he has them because he has deserved them, and because he has himself that fidelity of character that holds them.

He has been called the Quaglin of the American stage and those who are familiar with the work of both must admit the force of the comparison. There is the same versatility, the same intellectual quality, and the serene refinement which is the reflection of innate character. While he has been identified with the stage in this country for so many years, Mr. Morris is really of English parentage. He was the son of an English sea captain, of the fine old type, a man of strong intelligence and of sterling virtues, and who died in London only four years ago. It was his ambition that his son should be well educated, and to this end he was sent to a school in Switzerland, where he was not only well grounded in the common branches, but became proficient in the classics, in mathematics and in modern languages. His French is so perfect that he has been mistaken for a Parisian and during his last London engagement, where he essayed the role of a French ne'er do well, the purity of his accent was especially remarked by the none too lenient English critics. To thorough schooling, Mr. Morris has united the advantages of travel, for, in addition to many journeys on his own account, he accompanied his father on frequent voyages to the West Indies, to India and Australia.

A PHYSICIAN FIRST.

It was his father's desire that he should become a physician, and like Chas. Wyndham, he graduated from the medical profession to the stage. In his own charming "Reminiscences"—for he writes as well as he plays—he confesses that he conceived his love for the drama while a student at Guy's Hospital, and calls himself "a victim to the amateur theatrical craze"—"carried away by the mild success of efforts that were magnified into glorious triumphs"—by his fellows. Knowing the modesty of the writer, this can be given a pretty liberal interpretation, and one may be certain that "his fellows" saw in their rudimentary efforts more than a hint of the genius that came to full perfection after years of study.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Morris received no encouragement in the new career he had chosen for himself from his father, to whom his change could hardly have been other than a keen disappointment.

Failing of financial support from the same source, Mr. Morris determined to go to the United States—that goal of all aspirants to fortune, whose dreams of glory and independence are not easily discouraged. He went with the rosiest hopes and the loftiest ideals, to admit when sobered by reality and long experience—that at that tender age he was amazingly deficient in "worldly wisdom" and "practical common sense."

He dreamed of course not of that exquisite comedy of which he is now the foremost interpreter, but of nothing less than grim tragedy. He, himself, realized that "neither his force nor figure was of a romantic mold," but, like David Garrick, he meant to overcome these trivial disqualifications and so make his triumph all the more impressive. There are few of us who do not cherish illusions of this sort, upon which we keep a tight clutch, and of which we are only relieved by a protracted series of hard knocks. Upon his arrival in New York city Mr. Morris determined that his hazard of new fortunes should be essayed in Albany. He comments upon this decision concisely and significantly: "I could reach my destination by a very slight twist."

DISASTROUS PRESENTION.

When he reached Albany the theatrical season was over, but he found the manager of the leading theater and to him he confessed his aims and aspirations. The manager endeavored to dissuade him, and advised him to choose some other career, which, with his education, he would have had little difficulty in finding. But Mr. Morris was not to be dissuaded. However, when he hinted that he might inherit the mantle of Keon or Macready, the Albany manager put an end to any dreams of immediate fame, assuring him that he might consider himself lucky "if at the end of fourteen or fifteen years he might be earning \$100 a week"—a prophecy at which Mr. Morris now can afford to smile with satisfaction. The manager promised to do what he could, and pending an engagement, he found employment in a drug store, which his hospital training had qualified him to fill. Between times he devoted himself to the study of "Hamlet," "Claude Melnotte" or "Richard III."

Finally, his patience was rewarded; he received a letter from the manager telling him that there was a small and unobtrusive part for which he had been cast—in the box office! And from there to the footlights it was but a step. He accepted the box-office post, but his too abundant faith in human nature—a faith that nothing but an ever or can lessen—made him an easy prey to the swindlers who resort to every known device to place themselves on the free list. All sorts of non-negotiable paper was passed, which had to be made good out of his slender salary, and he became an expert at last in the art of "padding" his books—making up his call to the real boards came suddenly. He was to take the part of some one who had suddenly fallen ill, and it had to be learned, and some vague knowledge of the "business" acquired. In the space of three hours. The part was that of a detective who arrested the villain of the piece and who was re-inforced in the performance of this painful duty by two soldiers of the British army, whom he recalls as "very and looking super in dirty red coats and gaiters, carrying old-fashioned muskets."

A PAINFUL EPIISODE.

He "went on" paralyzed with stage fright. His lines were: "Roland Hetherington, I arrest you!" But, confronting "Roland Hetherington," his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a word. Some one behind the scenes shouted, "Take him off, take him off!" By the time the audience screaming, and with his military escort, and, as he has described it, "the bold, bad man who should have resisted arrest" in the most spirited manner, following like a lamb. This episode resulted in his resignation,

which was promptly accepted, and which left him confronting the rigor of winter with "a balance on hand of about eight dollars." After this "box office" Mr. Morris went to New York, where he hoped that his knowledge of French and German might enable him to find a business position, but there was nothing to be had. He finally determined to go to sea, and signed articles for a four years' cruise in the Pacific in a New Bedford whaler. A few hours' association with the men who were to be his companions convinced him of his mistake, and he deserted, leaving his portmanteau behind, and walking all the way from New Bedford to Boston. He arrived, wearing his sailor clothes, having no others, and after long search and bitter privation found work as a laborer in an iron foundry. His health gave way under the drudgery, and his parents, learning his whereabouts, endeavored to persuade him to return to England. He declined, and, after another probation in a drug store, went back to Albany and the theater. A friend was now manager and Mr. Morris was offered the position of head supe—"he had the shouts" and made himself generally useful. The salary was \$5 a week, and he began to hope, but he was at rest in the midst of affairs, and his enthusiasm from that moment never faltered. His next promotion was the role of stage policeman, in which he at last succeeded. From this he made a small success as a pettifogging lawyer, and then, in an unlucky hour, he went back to tragedy. Upon this it is not necessary to dwell; but he earned that tragedy was not his forte. However, he was now "in the line of promotion," and, with the intermittent usual backsets, he advanced steadily. Joseph Jefferson was the first to speak the word of encouragement. He sat in the box watching the representation of a melodrama in which Mr. Morris had been cast as the Governor of Australia. Mr. Jefferson watched him critically, then sent word that he was much pleased with his work, adding, "Tell him to persevere; he is certain to be heard hereafter."

The two most important events of Mr. Morris's career have been, perhaps, two seasons—one in the East Indies and the other, some years later, in London.

The East India experience is a whole romance in itself—a record of pronounced artistic success, of winning and glowing with the officers of the various British garrisons between times and a return to America in a sailing vessel, when all manner of untoward accidents occurred, and when, to save the vessel from wreck, he had to take his turn at the wheel. The London triumph was a case of "waking to find himself famous." He had been in London with his wife, their career engaged and they were to sail the following day. He had agreed to play the part of the Scotch professor in "On Change" for a reappearance at a matinee. The quaint, delightful impersonation was the talk of all London the next morning. The passage in the steamer was forgotten and Mr. Morris played the Scotch professor a whole year. He had a delightful home in St. John's Wood—that inestimable privilege of the London artist—and he soon gathered about him a charming circle of people as clever and delightful as himself. Then followed the long engagement with Miss Vokes; and it is impossible to recall the one without the other. Those were the halcyon days of acting—days when the artist was not a commercial commodity valued for his drawing qualities regardless of whether those qualities were mere freakishness or vulgar buffoonery which can make a laugh, or eccentricity that commands attention by its very lack of all that is intelligent and human. Unless dramatic methods are totally and radically reformed and the theater taken out of the hands of the few that know no more of art than so many black beetles we shall never see such a company again. The days of art for art's sake are numbered. Four years ago Mr. Morris returned to London and the initial success of the Scotch professor was repeated. The instant recognition of genius on the part of critics who are the arbiters of the English universities and are trained to their profession. Unfortunately no theater could be secured for any length of time, and after three or four months the play was withdrawn in favor of one that had been announced some months before—an obstacle which was shut out from an extended London appearance such artists as the Kendalls and Miss Netherstone.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

Upon his return to New York Mr. Morris became a member of the Lyceum Theater, and has been a member of the Frohman companies ever since. But of the man the world knows comparatively little, for he is one of the shyest and most retiring of human beings. He has been most fortunately and happily married, Mrs. Morris, who was Miss Mollie Scott, of Missouri, having been a protegee of Mark Twain and at one time a member of Augustin Daly's fine company. She usually accompanies her husband on his tours, and with her promise and great evocative ability, she is a helpmeet in the highest sense of the term. They live very quietly in a pleasant flat on Twenty-third street, and almost all his leisure time Mr. Morris devotes to his two clever young daughters, Mildred and Felice. Felice, who is seventeen, is in the senior year in New York Normal, where she stands fourth in a class of thirty. She is fitting herself nominally for a teacher, but her inclinations are for the career in which her father has so distinguished himself. Mildred is also an indefatigable student—a pupil in the Friends' Academy in Gramercy Park, where she also stands at the head of her class. Mr. and Mrs. Morris have gathered about them a circle of friends in London, a most delightful circle of comrades and men and women of the dramatic profession, writers, critics and painters, and whoever drops in on a Sunday evening will be delighted with the best of good company and talk well listening to.

LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

The skilled horticulturist will look at an orange tree and tell you whether it grew on the inside or the outside of a tree. If inside, it will be of an exquisite satin smoothness and will be a lemon tree, while the tree grown on the outside will be blowsy, rough and coarse. The outside orange is sweeter and richer than the other, but the latter grades and sells as strictly fancy, while the coarse one sells as second or third grade. Examining carefully the oil cells, he will state that a lemon tree grown near by and that a wandering bee carried some of the pollen from the lemon tree to the orange. If the "rag" is melting in the mouth, almost vanishing away, he says the tree was well supplied with potash. When the seeds are large, plump and heavy, the tree had a sufficiency of phosphoric acid in the foliage.

The horticulturist who thoroughly knows his business can determine which was the tree of a young nursery tree, as well as that of the aged tree in the grove or forest. He can detect the root formation of the lemon tree by seeing the base of the trunk and head. If there is a yellow subsoil and a deep-going tap root, the top will grow up tall and spindling; if it branches out low and wide, the roots spread out like a cartwheel. If an orange tree has a very short tap root, the tree will be a lemon tree.

Let him look at the head of a tree and he will inform you that it was planted too deep. If an orange tree has a very short tap root, the tree will be a lemon tree. If an orange tree has a very short tap root, the tree will be a lemon tree.

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In addition to the 18,500 pairs of shoes just purchased from the Rochester Shoe Company, of Rochester, Ind., at about 50 cents on the dollar, we offer our own stock, consisting of 32,000 pairs, by actual count, during this inventory sale at just about half their actual worth. Over 50,000 pairs of Men's, Women's, Boys' and Children's shoes at these prices will make this

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Lot No. 2—Ladies' Kid Skin Button and Lace, High and Low Shoes—Black and Brown, turn and welt sewed soles, all kid, sizes 12 to 2, manufacturers price was \$1.50; our \$1.19, a pair.

Lot No. 3—Ladies' Kid Skin Button and Lace Shoes and Oxfords; some of this lot have dark green vesting tops, others all black, brown, values run as high as \$1.50, none less than \$1.20, your \$1.20, choice, per pair.

Lot No. 4—Ladies' Black and Tan Kid Skin Lace Shoes, in all the stylish shapes, some made with brocaded vesting tops and kid tips; others all kid, with patent leather tips; Rochester Shoe Company's price \$1.75; our \$1.19, a pair.

Lot No. 5—Ladies' Dongola Kid Skin Lace Shoes, Black, Light and Dark shades of Tan, patent leather and kid-trimmed, medium and full round toes—these were \$1.50, a pair.

Lot No. 6—Misses' Spring-heel Lace Shoes, Black and Brown, Forderer's best Kid Kid, best of Oak Leather soles, made with silk vesting lacy tops and all kid, sizes 12 to 2, manufacturers price was \$1.50; our \$1.17, a pair.

Lot No. 7—Misses' Black and Brown Lace and Button Shoes—some as good as \$2.50 shoes, others the regular \$2 values; all \$1.39, a pair.

Men's Hand-sewed Welt Shoes, Willow Russia Calf and Kid Skin, Black or Chocolate, they are still good values at the regular \$3 price; during the inventory sale they are yours at, per pair, \$1.89.

Boys' and Youths' Tan and Black Kid Lace Shoes, at these savings—\$1.69, \$1.29, 99c, grade, grade, grade, \$1.19, 89c, 69c.

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Out of our own stock—note the prices. Men's Black Calfskin and Tan Kid Skin Lace Shoes—some as good as \$2.50 shoes, others the regular \$2 values; all \$1.39, a pair.

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